

PR

5699

T.5A645



Class PR 5699

Book T5A645

PRESENTED BY



1849

factory

HACTENUS:

More droppings from the pen that wrote

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY,

A THOUSAND LINES, &c.

BOSTON:

CHARLES H. PEIRCE,

REDDING & CO.

NEW YORK, BURGESS, STRINGER & CO., WM. H.
GRAHAM, AND BURFORD & CO.

1848.

4415
6150

263



Martin L. Tupper

THOMAS & CO. N.Y.

HACTENUS:

MORE DROPPINGS FROM THE PEN THAT WROTE

“PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY,”

“A THOUSAND LINES,” &c. &c. &c.

By Jupiter, Martin Tanguish

THUS FAR: a few of my less faulty flowers,
Dropped on the highway for the passers by;
In grace and charity, good world of ours,
Leave not the foundlings freezingly to die;
They have bloomed thus within my fancy's bowers
Willing as weeds, — perchance as little worth;
Yet have I hoped them not all things of earth;
For fervently, beneath my flashing pen,
As quickened sometimes by angelic powers,
Thoughts have shot out to hit the hearts of men, —
Whilst on mine own the spirit of life and love
So winningly hath shed his heavenly showers,
That my glad songs have filled no toilsome hours,
But happy moments lent me from above.

BOSTON:

CHARLES H. PEIRCE.

1848.

PR 5699

.T5A645

Gift

William A. Blode

Sept 16, 1939

01

PREFACE

TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

SOME of these poems have already appeared fugitively in print —by way of a test, from time to time, how they might look, and whether or not they would be liked. This, however, is the first day of their standard and substantial exhibition: the whole of the little crop here harvested has grown up, among many other matters, since the publication of their Author's last works, "Probabilities," and "A Thousand Lines;" and it is hoped that the numerous friends who received those Lines with favor, will prove equally indulgent to nearly two thousand more.

The three military ballads, *Roleia*, *Waterloo*, and the *Thanks of Parliament*, are friendly contributions to an important work shortly about

to be published, viz., "A Poetical Illustration of the Military and other Achievements of the Duke of Wellington, and his Illustrious Companions in Arms," edited by Major De Renzy. It is proper to state that the subjects (being the first and the last European victory, and the national expression of gratitude to our great chieftain for his lifelong exploits) were appropriately suggested by the Editor; who also furnished such references as were necessary to add historic truth to poetical conceptions.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The New Year,.....	7
All's for the Best,.....	9
The Riddle Read,.....	10
Old Haunts,.....	12
The Battle of Roleia,.....	13
Retrospect,.....	17
Peace and Quietness,.....	19
The Early Gallop,.....	21
Ascot: June 3, 1847,.....	23
Life,.....	24
Waterloo,.....	25
Are You a Great Reader?.....	33
The Verdict,.....	34
Guernsey,.....	35
All's Right,.....	36
The Complaint of an Ancient Briton,.....	37
Farley Heath,.....	40
Wisdom,.....	43
The Heart's Husband,.....	44
Sonnet,.....	45
Wheat-corn and Chaff,.....	46
The Happy Man,.....	47
Heraldic,.....	48
The True Epicure,.....	50
Threnos,.....	51
The Dead,.....	53

	PAGE.
Sonnets to America,.....	57
The Thanks of Parliament to Wellington and his Army,...	60
Pain,.....	63
Three Versions of Adrian's Apostrophe,.....	64
No Surrender,.....	66
Never Mind,.....	68
The Cromlech Du Tus, Guernsey,.....	70
My Children,.....	73
Henry de B. T.,.....	76
Errata: an Author's Complaint,.....	77
Impromptu, to one who said that she disliked Poetry,...	78
Venus: a Reply to Longfellow's Poem on Mars, in "Voices of the Night,".....	79
The Warm, Young Heart,.....	81
A Consecration,.....	82
The Thanksgiving Hymn and Chant for the Harvest Home of 1847,.....	84
M. T.,.....	90
Two Psalms,.....	91
Confession,.....	94
A Song,.....	95
Cheer up,.....	96
"Together,".....	97
Friends,.....	98
A Greeting,.....	99
Horace's Philosophy,.....	100
The Last Time,.....	102
The Poet's Wealth,.....	105

H A C T E N U S .

THE NEW YEAR.

THE old man he is dead, young heir,
And gone to his long account ;
Come, stand on his hearth, and sit in his chair,
And into his saddle mount !

The old man's face was a face to be feared,
But thine both loving and gay ;
O, who would not choose for that stern white beard
A bright young cheek alway ?

The old man he had outlived them all ;
His friends, he said, were gone ;
But hundreds are wassailing now in the hall,
And true friends every one !

The old man moaned both sore and long
Of pleasures past, he said ;
But pleasures to come are the young heir's song —
The living, not the dead !

The old man babbled of old regrets —
Alack ! how much he owed :
But the young heir has not a feather of debts
His heart withal to load !

The old man used to shudder, and seem
Remembering secret sin ;
But the happy young heir is as if in a dream,
Paradise all within !

Alas ! for the old man, — where is he now ?
And fear for thyself, young heir ;
For he was innocent once as thou,
As ruddy, and blithe, and fair.

Reap wisdom from his furrowed face,
Cull counsel from his fear ;
O, speed thee, young heir, in gifts and in grace,
And blessings on thee, — New Year !

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

TO THE SAME MUSIC AS "NEVER GIVE UP."

ALL's for the best ; be sanguine and cheerful ;
 Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise ;
 Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful ;
 Courage forever is happy and wise :
 All for the best, — if a man would but know it ;
 Providence wishes us all to be blest ;
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet ;
 Heaven is gracious, and — All's for the best !

All for the best ! set this on your standard,
 Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
 Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,
 A waywearied swallow, or heartstricken dove :
 All for the best ! — be a man but confiding,
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,
 And the frail bark of His creature is guiding,
 Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All for the best ! then fling away terrors,
 Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
 And in the midst of your dangers or errors
 Trust like a child, while you strive like a man :
 All's for the best ! — unbiased, unbounded,
 Providence reigns from the East to the West ;
 And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
 Hope and be happy that All's for the best.

THE RIDDLE READ.

WORLD of sorrow, care, and change,
Even to myself I seem,
As adown thy vale I range,
Wandering in a dream :
All things are so strange.

For the dead who died this day,
Fair and young, or great and good,
Though we mourn them, where are they ?
— With those before the flood ;
Equally passed away !

Living hearts have scanty time
To feel some other heart most dear,
Scarce can love the love sublime,
Unselfishly sincere, —
Death nips it in its prime !

Minds have hardly power to learn
How much there is to know aright,
Can dimly through the mist discern
Some little glimpse of light, —
The order is, Return !

Willing hands but just begin
Wisely to work for God and man,
And some poor wages barely win
As one who well began,—
The Master calls, Come in !

Well,— this is well ; for well begun
Is all the good man here may do ;
He cannot hope to see half done ;
A furlong is crept through,
And lo, the goal is won !

This is the life of sight and sense,
And other brighter lives depend
On all we here can just commence ;
But long before an end
God calls his servant hence.

Take courage, courage : not in vain
The Ruler hath appointed thus ;
Account it neither grief nor pain
His mercy spareth us —
It is the laborer's gain.

Here we begin to love and know ;
And when God's willing grace perceives
The plant of heaven hath roots to grow,
He plucks the ranker leaves,
And doth transplant it so !

OLD HAUNTS.

FOR MUSIC.

I LOVE to linger on my track
Wherever I have dwelt,
In after years to loiter back,
And feel as once I felt ;
My foot falls lightly on the sward,
Yet leaves a deathless dint ;
With tenderness I still regard
Its unforgotten print.

Old places have a charm for me
The new can ne'er attain ;
Old faces — how I long to see
Their kindly looks again !
Yet these are gone : — while all around
Is changeable as air,
I'll anchor in the solid ground,
And root my memories there !

THE BATTLE OF ROLEIA.

YE children of the veterans
Who fought for faithless Spain,
And for ungrateful Portugal
Poured out their blood like rain, —
Come near me, and hear me,
For I would tell you well
How gallantly your fathers fought,
Or gloriously they fell !

I sing Roleia's bloody strife,
The first of many frays,
When iron Wellesley led us on,
Invincible always ;
Roleia gay and evergreen,
Festooned with vines and flowers,
Roleia, scorched and blood-bedewed, —
And half that blood was ours !

The seventeenth of August
It shone out bright and clear,
And still we pressed the Frenchman's flank,
And hung upon his rear ;
From Brilos and Obidos
Had we driven the bold Laborde,
And now among the mountain rocks
We sought him with the sword !

All golden is the plain with wheat,
All purple are the hills
With luscious vineyards ripe and sweet,
And laced with crystal rills ;
Yet must the rills run down with gore,
The corn be trampled red,
Before Roleia's threshing-floor
Is glutted with her dead !

O, cheerily the bugles spoke,
And all our hearts beat high,
When over Monte Junto broke
The sun upon the sky ;
Right early from Obidos
We gladly sallied then,
A goodly host, in columns three,
Of fourteen thousand men.

Brave Ferguson led on the left,
And Trant the flanking right,
With iron Arthur in the midst,
The focus of the fight ;
And fast by Wellesley's gallant side
The Craufurd rode amain,
And Hill, the British soldier's pride,
And Nightingale, and Fane.

Crouching like a tiger
In his high and rocky lair,
The Frenchman howled and showed his teeth,
And — wished he wasn't there ;

For Craufurd, Hill, and Nightingale
Flew at him as he lay,
And up our gallant fellows sprang
As bloodhounds on the prey !

And look ! we hunt the bold Laborde
To Zambugeira's height, —
While Trant, with Fane and Ferguson,
Outflank him left and right ;
And then with cheers we charge the front,
With cheers the foe reply, —
No child's play was that battle brunt ;
We swore to win or die !

Rattled loud the muskets' roar, —
We struggled man to man, —
The rugged rocks were washed in gore,
With gore the gullies ran !
Fiercely through those mountain paths
Our bloody way we force, —
And find in strength upon the heights
The Frenchman, foot and horse.

Ah, then, my Ninth, and Twenty-ninth,
Your courage was too hot,
For down on your disordered ranks
Secure they pour the shot ;
But all their horse, and foot, and guns,
Could never make you fly, —
The losing Frenchman fights and runs,
But Britons fight — and die !

Up to the rescue, Ferguson !
And keep the hard-fought hill ;
Their chiefs are picked off one by one,
And lo, they rally still ;
They rally, and rush stoutly on, —
The bold Laborde gives way, —
The day is lost ! the day is won !
And ours is the day !

Then well retreating, sage and slow,
Alternately in mass,
With charging horse, the wily foe
Gains Runa's rocky pass ;
And left us thus Roleia's field,
With other fields in store,
Vimeira, Torres Vedras,
And half a hundred more !

RETROSPECT.

How many years are fled, —
How many friends are dead !
 Alas ! how fast
 The past hath passed, —
How speedily life hath sped !

Places, that knew me of yore,
Know me for theirs no more ;
 And sore at the change
 Quite strange I range
Where I was at home before.

Thoughts and things each day
Seem to be fading away ;
 Yet this is, I wot,
 Their lot to be not
Continuing in one stay.

A mingled mesh it seems
Of facts and fancy's gleams ;
 I scarce have power
 From hour to hour
To separate things from dreams.

Darkly, as in a glass,
Like a vain shadow they pass ;
 Their ways they wend
 And tend to an end,
The goal of life, alas !

Alas ? and wherefore so ? —
Be glad for this passing show ;
 The world and its lust
 Back must to their dust
Before the soul can grow.

Expand, my willing mind,
Thy nobler life to find,
 Thy childhood leave,
 Nor grieve to bereave
Thine age of toys behind.

PEACE AND QUIETNESS.

PEACE is the precious atmosphere I breathe ;
 And my calm mind goes to her dewy bower,
 A trellis rare of fragrant thoughts to wreath,
 Mingling the scents and tints of every flower :
 For pity, vex her not ; those inner joys
 That bless her in this consecrated hour,
 Start and away, like plovers, at a noise,
 Sensitive, timorous : — O, do not scare
 My happy fancies, lest the flock take wing,
 Fly to the wilderness, and perish there !
 For I have secret luxuries, that bring
 Gladness and brightness to mine eyes and heart,
 Memory, and Hope, and keen Imagining,
 Sweet thoughts and peaceful, never to depart.

THEN give me Silence ; for my spirit is rare,
 Of delicate edge, and tender, when I think
 I rear aloft a mental fabric fair ;
 But soon as words come hurtling on the air,
 Down to this dust my ruined fancies sink :
 Look you ! on yonder Alp's precipitous brink
 An avalanche is tottering ; — one breath
 Loosens an icy chain ; — it falls, — it falls,
 Filling the buried glens and glades with death !
 Or as, when on the mountain's granite walls

The hunter spies a chamois, — hush ! be calm,
A word will scare it, — even so, my Mind,
Creative, energizing, seeks the balm
Of Quiet ; Solitude and Peace combined.

THE EARLY GALLOP.

WRITTEN IN THE SADDLE, ON THE CROWN OF MY HAT.

At five on a dewy morning,
Before the blazing day,
To be up and off on a high-mettled horse
Over the hills away, —
To drink the rich, sweet breath of the gorse,
And bathe in the breeze of the Downs,
Ha ! man, if you can, match bliss like this
In all the joys of towns !

With glad and grateful tongue to join
The lark at his matin hymn,
And thence on faith's own wing to spring
And sing with Cherubim !
To pray from a deep and tender heart,
With all things praying anew,
The birds and the bees, and the whispering trees.
And heather bedropped with dew, —
To be one with those early worshippers,
And pour the pæan too !

Then, off again with a slackened rein,
And a bounding heart within,
To dash at a gallop over the plain,
Health's golden cup to win !

This, this is the race for gain and grace,
Richer than vases and crowns ;
And you that boast your pleasures the most
Amid the steam of towns,
Come, taste true bliss in a morning like this,
Gallop over the Downs !

ASCOT: JUNE 3, 1847; WHEN HERO WON.

MODERN Olympia ! shorn of all their pride —
The patriot spirit, and unlucred praise —
Thou art a type of these degenerate days,
When love of simple honor all hath died ;
O, dusty, gay, and eager multitude,
Agape for gold — No ! do not thus condemn,
For hundreds here are innocent, and good,
And young, and fair, among — but not of — them ;
And hundreds more enjoy with gratitude
This well-earned holiday, so bright and green :
Do not condemn ! it *is* a stirring scene,
Though vanity and folly fill it up :
Look, how the mettled racers please the Queen !
Ha, brave John Day — a Hero wins the cup !

LIFE.

Ποία γὰρ ἡ ζωὴ ἡμῶν; ἀτμίς.

A BUSY dream, forgotten ere it fades,
 A vapor, melting into air away,
 Vain hopes, vain fears, a mesh of lights and shades,
 A checkered labyrinth of night and day, —
 This is our life ; a rapid, surgy flood,
 Where each wave hunts its fellow : on they press ;
 To-day is yesterday, and hope's young bud
 Has fruited a to-morrow's nothingness :
 Still on they press, and we are borne along,
 Forgetting and forgotten, trampling down
 The living and the dead in that fierce throng,
 With little heed of Heaven's smile or frown,
 And little care for others' right or wrong,
 So we in iron selfishness stand strong.

WATERLOO.

THERMOPYLÆ and Cannæ
Were glorious fields of yore,
Leonidas and Hannibal
Right famous evermore ;
But we can claim a nobler name,
A field more glorious too,
The chief who thus achieved for us
Victorious Waterloo.

Let others boast of Cæsar's host,
Led on by Cæsar's skill,
And how fierce Attila could rout,
And Alaric could kill, —
But we — right well, O hear me tell
What British troops can do,
When marshalled by a Wellington
To win a Waterloo !

O for a Pindar's harp to tune
The triumphs of that day !
O for a Homer's pictured words
To paint the fearful fray ! —

Alas! my tongue and harp illstrung,
In feeble tones and few,
Hath little skill — yet right good will
To sing of Waterloo.

Then gather round, my comrades,
And hear a soldier tell
How full of honor was the day
When — every man did well !
And though a soldier's speech be rough,
His heart is hot and true
While thus he tells of Wellington
At hard-fought Waterloo.

Sublimely calm, our iron Duke —
A lion in his lair —
Waited and watched with sleepless eye
To see what France would dare,
Nor deigned to stir from Brussels
Until he surely knew
The foe was rushing on his fate
At chosen Waterloo.

What! should the hunter waste his strength,
Nor hold his good hounds back,
Before he knows they near the foes
And open on the track ?
No: let "surprise" blight Frenchmen's eyes,
For truly they shall rue
The giant skill that, stern and still,
Drew them to Waterloo!

Hotly the couriers gallop up
To Richmond's festive scene, —
Alone, alone the chieftain stood,
Undaunted and serene ;
Ready, ready, — stanch and steady, —
And forth the orders flew
That marched us off to Quatre Bras,
And whelming Waterloo.

Begin, begin with Quatre Bras,
That twinborn field of fame,
Where many a gallant deed was done
By many a gallant name, —
That battle-field, which seemed to yield
An earnest and review
Of all that British courage dared
And did at Waterloo.

We heard from far old Blucher's guns,
At Ligny's blazing street,
And hurried on to Weimar's aid,
Right glad the foe to meet ;
A score of miles to Quatre Bras ;
But still to arms we stood,
And cheerly rushed, without a pause,
To win the Boissy wood.

Then, just like cowards, three to one,
Before we could deploy,
To crush us, Ney and Excelmans
Flew down with fiendish joy ;

But stout we stood in hollow squares,
And fought, and kept the ground,
While lancer spears and cuirassiers
Were charging us all round.

Ay, ay, my men, we battled then
Like wolves and bears at bay,
And thousands there among the dead
With sable Brunswick lay :
And back to back in that attack
The Ninety-second fought, —
And “steadily” the Twenty-eighth
Behaved as Britons ought.

Then up came Maitland with the Guards, —
Hurrah ! they clear the wood, —
But still the furious Frenchman charged,
And still we stoutly stood,
Till gentle night drew on, and that
Drew off the treacherous Ney,
For when the morning dimly broke
— The fox had stole away !

Thus much, my lads, for Quatre Bras ;
And now for Waterloo,
Where skill and courage did it all,
With God’s good help in view !
For we were beardless, raw recruits,
And they, more numerous far,
Were fierce, mustachioed, mighty men,
The veterans of war.

The God of battles helped us soon,
As godless France drew nigh,
— It was the great eighteenth of June,
The sun was getting high ; —
And suddenly two hundred guns,
At once, with thundering throats,
Pealed out their dreadful overture
In deep volcano notes !

Then, by ten thousands, horse and foot,
Came on the foaming Gaul,
And still with bristling front we stood
As solid as a wall ;
And stout Macdonnell's Hougoumont,
The centre of the van,
Was stormed, and stormed, and stormed—in vain
— He held it like a man !

O, who can count the myriad deeds
That hundreds did in fight ?
Ponsonby falls and Picton bleeds,
And — both are quenched in night :
And many a hero subaltern,
And hero private too,
Beat Ajax and Achilles both
In winning Waterloo !

What shall I say, on that dread day,
Of Ferrier and his band ?
Ten times he chased the foes away,
And charged them sword in hand ;

Six of those ten he led his men
With blood upon his brow, —
And weakly in the eleventh died
To live in glory now !

Or give a stave to Shaw the brave,
— In death the hero sleeps, —
Hemmed by a score, he knocked them o'er,
And hewed them down in heaps ;
'Till, wearied out, the lion stout,
Beset as by a pack
Of hungry hounds, fell full of wounds,
But none upon his back !

Thee too, De Lancey, generous chief,
For thee a niche be found, —
Wounded to death, he scorned relief
Whilst others bled around ;
And D'Oyley and Fitzgerald died,
Just as the day was won, —
And Gordon, by his general's side —
The side of Wellington !

And Somerset and Uxbridge then
Gave each a limb to death ;
Curzon and Canning cheered their men
With their last dying breath ;
And gallant Miller, stricken sore,
With fainting utterance cries,
“ Bring me my colors ! wave them o'er
Your colonel till he dies ! ”

Then furious waxed the emperor
That Britons wouldn't run ;
" Les bêtes, pourquoi ne fuient ils pas ?
Et donc, ce Vellington ! "
But Vellington still holds his own
For eight red hours and more ;
" Why comes not Marshal Blucher down ? —
Ha ! there's his cannons' roar.

" Up, Guards, and at them ! charge ! " — the word
Like forkéd lightning passes,
And lance, and bayonet, and sword,
Rush on in glittering masses.
Back, back, the surging columns roll
In terrified dismay,
And onward shout, against the rout,
The conquerors of the day.

O, now the tide of battle
Is turned to seas of blood ;
When case and grape shot rattle
Among the multitude,
And Fates, led on by Furies,
Destroy the flying host,
And Chaos, mated with Despair,
Makes all the lost most lost.

Woe, woe, thou caitiff-hero !
Thou emperor — and slave !
Why didst not thou, too, nobly bleed
With those devoted brave ?

No, no ; the coward's thought was self,
And " Sauve qui peut " his cry ;
And verily at Waterloo
Did Great Napoleon die.

He died to fame, while yet his name
Was on ten thousand tongues
That trusted him, and prayed to him,
And — cursed him for their wrongs !
O noble souls, Imperial Guard !
Had *your* chief been but true,
Ye would have stood and stopped the rout
At crushing Waterloo.

Still, as they fled from Wellington,
To Blucher's arms they flew ;
These two made up the Quatre Bras,
To clutch a Waterloo.
Ha ! Blucher's Prussian vengeance
Was fully sated then,
When hated France upon the field
Left forty thousand men.

Thus, comrades, hath a soldier told
What Wellington's calm skill,
When helped by troops of British mould,
And God's almighty will,
Against a veteran triple force,
In battle-field can do :
Then three times three for Wellington,
The prince of Waterloo !

“ ARE YOU A GREAT READER ? ”

I HOPE to ripen into richer wine
Than mixed Falernian : those decantered streams
Poured from another's chalice into thine,
Make less of wisdom than the scholar dreams ;
Precept on precept, tedious line on line,
That never-thinking, ever-reading plan,
Fashion some patchwork garments for a man,
But starve his mind : it starves of too much meat —
An undigested surfeit. As for me,
I am untamed — a spirit free and fleet,
That cannot brook the studious yoke, nor be
Like some dull, grazing ox, without a soul ;
But, feeling racer's shoes upon my feet,
Before my teacher starts, I touch the goal.

THE VERDICT.

I LEAVE all judgments to that better world
And my more righteous Judge ; for He shall tell,
In the dread day when from their thrones are hurled
Each human tyranny and earthly spell,
That which alone of all He knoweth well —
The heart's own secret : He shall tell it out,
With all the feelings and the sorrows there, —
The fears within, the foes that hemmed without,
Neglect, and wrong, and calumny, and care ;
For he hath saved thine every tearful prayer
In His own lachrymal, and noted down
Each unconsidered grief with tenderest love :
Look up ; beyond the cross behold the crown,
And for all wrongs below all rights above.

GUERNSEY.

GUERNSEY ! to me and in my partial eyes
Thou art a holy and enchanted isle,
Where I would linger long, and muse the while
Of ancient thoughts and solemn memories,
Quickening the tender tear or pensive smile :
Guernsey ! for nearly thrice a hundred years
Home of my fathers, refuge from their fears,
And haven to their hope, when long of yore
Fleeing imperial Charles and bloody Rome,
Protestant martyrs, to thy sea-girt shore
They came to seek a temple and a home,
And found thee generous, — I, their son, would pour
My heartfull all of praise and thanks to thee,
Island of welcomes, friendly, frank, and free !

ALL'S RIGHT.

FOR MUSIC.

O, NEVER despair at the troubles of life ;

All's right !

In the midst of anxiety, peril, and strife,

All's right !

The cheerful philosophy never was wrong

That ever puts this on the tip of my tongue,

And makes it my glory, my strength, and my song,

All's right !

The Pilot beside us is steering us still ;

All's right !

The Champion above us is guarding from ill ;

All's right !

Let others who know neither Father nor Friend

Go trembling and doubting in fear to the end ;

For me, on this motto I gladly depend —

All's right !

THE COMPLAINT OF AN ANCIENT BRITON,

DISINTERRED BY ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

Two thousand years ago
They heaped my battle-grave,
And each a tear, and each a stone,
My mourning warriors gave ;
For I had borne me well,
And fought as patriots fight,
Till, like a British chief, I fell
Contending for the right.
Seamed with many a wound,
All weakly did I lie ;
My foes were dead or dying round, —
And thus I joyed to die !
For their marauding crew
Came treacherously to kill, —
The many came against the few
To storm our sacred hill.
We battled, and we bled,
We won, and paid the price,
For I, the chief, lay down with the dead
A willing sacrifice !
My liegemen wailed me long,
And treasured up my bones,

And reared my kist secure and strong
With tributary stones :
High on the breezy down,
My native hill's own breast,
Nigh to the din of mine ancient town,
They left me to my rest.
I hoped for peace and calm
Until my judgment hour,
And then to awake for the victor's palm
And patriot's throne of power !
And lo, till this dark day,
Did men my grave revere ;
Two thousand years had posted away,
And still I slumbered here :
But now, there broke a noise
Upon my silent home ;
'Twas not the Resurrection voice
That burst my turfy tomb, —
But men of prying mind —
Alas ! my fellow-men —
Ravage my grave, my bones to find,
With sacrilegious ken !
Mine honor doth abjure
Your new barbarian race ;
Restore, restore my bones secure
To some more secret place !
With mattock and with spade
Ye dare to break my rest ;
The pious mound is all unmade
My clan had counted blest :

Take, take my buckler's boss,
My sword, and spear, and chain, —
Steal all ye can of this world's dross,
But — rest my bones again !
I know your modern boast
Is light, and learning's spread, —
Learn of a Celt to show them most
In honor to the Dead !

FARLEY HEATH.

MANY a day have I whiled away
 Upon hopeful Farley heath,
 In its antique soil digging for spoil
 Of possible treasure beneath ;
 For Celts, and querns, and funereal urns,
 And rich red Samian ware,
 And sculptured stones, and centurion's bones
 May all lie buried there !

How calmly serene and glad have I been
 From morn till eve to stay,
 My Surrey serfs turning the turfs
 The happy livelong day ;
 With eye still bright, and hope yet alight,
 Wistfully watching the mould
 As the spade brings up fragments of things
 Fifteen centuries old !

Pleasant and rare it was to be there
 On a joyous day of June,
 With the circling scene, all gay and green,
 Steeped in the silent noon ;
 When beauty distils from the calm, glad hills,
 From the downs and dimpling vales,
 And every grove, lazy with love,
 Whispereth tenderest tales !

O, then to look back upon Time's old track,
And dream of the days long past,
When Rome leant here on his sentinel spear,
And loud was the clarion's blast —
As wild and shrill from Martyr's hill
Echoed the patriot-shout,
Or rushed pellmell with a midnight yell
The rude barbarian rout !

Yes, every stone has a tale of its own —
A volume of old lore ;
And this white sand from many a brand
Has polished gouts of gore,
When Holmbury height had its beacon light,
And Cantii held old Leith,
And Rome stood then with his iron men
On ancient Farley heath !

How many a group of that exiled troop
Have here sung songs of home,
Chanting aloud to a wondering crowd
The glories of old Rome !
Or, lying at length, have basked their strength
Amid this heather and gorse,
Or down by the well, in the larch-grown dell,
Watered the black war-horse !

Look, look ! my daydream right ready would seem
The past with the present to join, —
For see ! I have found in this rare ground
An eloquent green old coin,


With turquoise rust on its emperor's bust, —
Some Cæsar, august lord, —
And the legend terse, and the classic reverse,
“ Victory, valor's reward ! — ”

Victory, — yes ! and happiness,
Kind comrade, to me and to you,
When such rich spoil has crowned our toil,
And proved the daydream true ;
With hearty acclaim how we hailed by his name
The Cæsar of that coin,
And told with a shout his titles out,
And drank his health in wine !

And then how blest the noonday rest,
Reclined on a grassy bank,
With hungry cheer and the brave old beer,
Better than Odin drank ;
And the secret balm of the spirit at calm,
And poetry, hope, and health, —
Ay, have I not found in that rare ground
A mine of more than wealth ?

WISDOM.

It is the way we go, the way of life ;
A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain,
A grain of peace amid a load of strife,
With toil and grief, and grief and toil again :
Yea : — but for this ; the firm and faithful breast,
Bolder than lions, confident and strong,
That never doubts its birthright to be blest,
And dreads no evil while it does no wrong :
This, this is wisdom, manful and serene ;
Towards God all penitence, and prayer, and trust ;
But to the troubles of this shifting scene
Simply courageous and sublimely just ;
Be then such wisdom thine, my heart within, —
There is no foe, nor woe, nor grief, but — Sin.



THE HEART'S HUSBAND.

FOR MUSIC.

Go, leave me to weep for the years that are past,
For my youth, and its friends, and its pleasures all
dead ;

My spring and my summer are fading too fast,
And I long to live over the days that are fled ;
It is not for sorrows or sins on my track
That I mournfully cast my fond yearnings behind :
Ah, no, — from affection I love to look back ;
It is only my Heart that has wedded my Mind.

And still, let the Mind that has married a Heart,
Though loving, be strong as a King in his pride,
And ever command that all weakness depart
From the realm that he rules in the soul of his bride ;
For what if all time and all pleasures decay ?
My Mind is myself, an invincible chief, —
Like a child's broken toys are the years passed away,
And my Heart, half ashamed, has forgotten her grief.

PROPHETS.

PROPHETS at home, —I smile to note your wrongs ;

How scantily praised at each ancestral hearth
Are ye, caressed by million hearts and tongues,
And full of honors over half the earth !

O, petty jealousies and paltry strife !

The little minds that chronicle a birth
Stood once for teachers in the task of life ;

But, as the child of genius grew apace,
Dismayed at his gigantic lineaments,

They feared to find his glory their disgrace,
His mind their master : so their worldly aim

Is still to vex him with discouragements,
To check the springtide budding of his fame,
And keep it down, to save themselves a name.

WHEAT-CORN AND CHAFF.

My little learning fadeth fast away,
And all the host of words, and forms, and rules,
Bred in my teeming youth of books and schools,
Dwindle to less and lighter ; night and day
I dream of tasks undone, and lore forgot,
Seeming some sailor in the “ ship of fools,”
Some debtor owing what he cannot pay,
Some conner of old themes remembered not :
Despise such small oblivion ; 'tis the lot
Of human life, amid its chance and change,
To learn, and then unlearn ; to seek and find,
And then to lose familiars grown quite strange ,
Store up, store wisdom's corn in heart and mind,
But fling the chaff on every winnowing wind.

THE HAPPY MAN.

A MAN of no regrets,
He goes his sunny way,
Owing the past no load of debts
The present cannot pay :
He wedded his first love,
Nor loved another since ;
He sets his nobler hopes above ;
He reigns in joy a prince !

A man of no regrets,
He hath no cares to vex,
No secret griefs, nor mental nets,
Nor troubles to perplex :
Forgiveness to his sin,
And help in every need,
Blessings around, and peace within,
Crown him a king indeed !

A man of no regrets,
Upon his empire free
The sun of gladness never sets, —
Then who so rich as he ?
Yea, God upon my heart
Hath poured all blessings down ;
Then yield to Him, with all thou art,
The homage of thy crown !

HERALDIC.

HIGH in Battle's antlered hall,
 Ancient as its Abbey wall,
 Hangs a helmet, brown with rust,
 Cobwebbed o'er, and thick in dust ;
 High it hangs, 'mid pikes and bows,
 Scowling still at spectral foes,
 Proud and stern, with vizor down,
 And fearful in its feudal frown.

When I saw what ailed thee, heart,
 Wherefore should I stop, and start ? —
 That old helm, with that old crest,
 Is more to me than all the rest ;
 Battered, broken, though it be,
 That old helm is all to me.

Yon black greyhound know I well ;
 Many a tale hath it to tell,
 How, in troublous times of old,
 Sires of mine, with bearing bold,
 Bearing bold, but much mischance,
 Swayed the sword or poised the lance, —
 Much mischance, desponding still,
 They fought and fell, foreboding ill ;

And their scallop, gules with blood,
Fessed amid the azure flood,
Showed the pilgrim, slain afar
Over the sea in Holy War ;
While that faithful greyhound black
Vainly watched the wild boar's track,
And the legend and the name
Proved all lost but hope and fame, —
Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur,
Mais “ *L'Espoir est ma force,*” sans peur.

THE TRUE EPICURE.

How saidst thou ? Pleasure ? Why, my life is pleasure ;
My days are pleasantness, my nights are peace ;
I drink of joys which neither cloy nor cease —
A well that gushes blessings without measure ;
Ah ! thou hast little heed how rich and glad,
How happy, is my soul in her full treasure,
How seldom but for honest pity sad,
How constantly at calm ! My very cares
Are sweetness in my cup, as being sent ;
And country quiet, and retired leisure,
Keep me from half the common fears and snares ;
And I have learnt the wisdom of content ;
Yea, and to crown the cup of peace with praise,
Both God and man have blessed my works and ways.

THRENOS.

VANITY, vanity ! dead hopes and fears,
 Dim, flitting phantoms of departed years,
 Unsatisfying shadows, vague and cold,
 Of thoughts and things that made my joys of old,
 Sad memories of the kindly words, and ways,
 And looks, and loves, of friends in other days, —
 Alas ! all gone, — a dream, a very dream,
 A dream is all you are, and all you seem.

O life, I do forget thee ! I look back,
 And lo ! the desert wind has swept my track ;
 I stand upon this bare and solid ground,
 And, strangely wakened, wonder all around ;
 How came I here ? and whence ? and whither tend ?
 Speak, friend — if death and time have spared a
 friend ;

Behold, the place that knew me well of yore
 Knoweth me not ; and that familiar floor,
 Where all my kith and kin were wont to meet,
 Is now grown strange, and thronged by other feet.

O soul, my soul, consider thou that spot,
 Root there thy gratitude, and leave it not ;
 Still let remembrance, with a swimming eye,
 Live in those rooms, nor pass them coldly by ;

Still let affection cling to those old days,
And, yearning fondly, paint them bright with praise.
O once my home, with all thy blessings fled,
O forms and faces gathered to the dead,
O scenes of joy and sorrow, faded fast,
How hollow sound thy footsteps, ghostlike PAST !
An aching emptiness is all thou art,
A famine hid within the caverned heart.

Thou changeless ONE, how blest to have no change !
Only with Thee, my God, I feel not strange ;
Thou art the same forever and for aye ;
To-morrow and to-day, as yesterday,
Thou art the same — a tranquil Present still ;
There I can hide, and bless Thy sovereign will ;
Yea, bless Thee, O my Father, that Thy love
Called in an instant to the bliss above,
From ills to come, and grief, and care, and fear,
Thy type to me, most honored and most dear.
O true and tender spirit, pure and good,
So vexed on earth and little understood,
Thy gentle nature was not fit for strife,
But quailed to meet the waking woes of life ;
And therefore God, our Father, kindly made
Thy sleep a death, lest thou shouldst feel afraid.

THE DEAD.

A DIRGE.

I LOVE the dead —
The precious spirits gone before,
And waiting on that peaceful shore,
To meet with welcome looks,
and kiss me yet once more.

I love the dead ;
And fondly doth my fancy paint
Each dear one, washed from earthly taint ;
By patience and by hope
made a most gentle saint.

O glorious dead !
Without one spot upon the dress
Of your ethereal loveliness,
Ye linger round me still,
with earnest will to bless.

Enfranchised dead !
Each fault and failing left behind,
And nothing now to chill or bind,
How gloriously ye reign
in majesty of mind !

O royal dead !
The resting, free, unfettered dead,
The yearning, conscious, holy dead,
The hoping, waiting, calm,
the happy, changeless dead !

I love the dead !
And well forget their little ill,
Eager to bask my memory still
In all their best of words,
and deeds, and ways, and will.

I bless the dead !
Their good, half choked by this world's weeds,
Is blooming now in heavenly meads,
And ripening golden fruit
of all those early seeds.

I trust the dead !
They understand me frankly now ;
There are no clouds on heart or brow,
But spirit, reading spirit,
answereth glow for glow.

I praise the dead !
All their tears are wiped away,
Their darkness turned to perfect day —
How blessed are the dead,
how beautiful be they !

O gracious dead !
That watch me from your paradise
With happy, tender, starlike eyes,
Let your sweet influence rain
 me blessings from the skies.

Yet, helpless dead,
Vainly my yearning nature dares
Such unpremeditated prayers ; —
All vain it were for them ;
 as even for me theirs.

Immortal dead !
Ye in your lot are fixed as fate,
And man or angel is too late
To beckon back by prayer
 one change upon your state

O godlike dead,
Ye that do rest, like Noah's dove,
Fearless I leave you to the love
Of Him who gave you peace,
 to bear with you above !

And ye, the dead,
Godless on earth, and gone astray,
Alas ! your hour is passed away :
The Judge is just ; for you
 it now were sin to pray.

Still, all ye dead,
First may be last and last be first, —
Charity counteth no man curst,
But hopeth still in Him
whose love would save the worst.

Therefore, ye dead,
I love you, be ye good or ill,
For God, our God, doth love me still,
And you He loved on earth
with love that nought could chill.

And some, just dead,
To me on earth most deeply dear,
Who loved, and nursed, and blessed me here,
I love you with a love
that casteth out all fear.

Come near me, Dead !
In spirit come to me, and kiss —
No ! I must wait awhile for this :
A few, few years or days,
and I too feed on bliss !

TO AMERICA.

I.

COLUMBIA, child of Britain, — noblest child !

I praise the growing lustre of thy worth,
And fain would see thy great heart reconciled

To love the mother of so blest a birth :

For we are one, Columbia ! still the same
In lineage, language, laws, and ancient fame,

The natural nobility of earth :

Yes, we are one ; the glorious days of yore,
When dear old England earned her storied name,
Are thine as well as ours forevermore ;

And thou hast rights in Milton e'en as we ;
Thou too canst claim " sweet Shakspeare's wood-
notes wild ; " —

And chiefest, brother, we are both made free,
Of one religion, pure and undefiled !

II.

I blame thee not, as other some have blamed, —

The highborn heir had grown to man's estate ;
I mock thee not, as some who should be shamed,

Nor ferret out thy faults with envious hate ;
Far otherwise ; by generous love inflamed,

Patriot, I praise my country's foreign son,
Rejoicing in the blaze of good and great

That diadems thy head ! — go on, go on,

Young Hercules, thus travelling in might,
Boy-Plato, filling all the West with light,

Thou new Themistocles for enterprise,
Go on and prosper, acolyte of fate !

And, precious child, dear Ephraim, turn those eyes, —
For thee thy Mother's yearning heart doth wait.

III.

Let aged Britain claim the classic Past,

A shining track of bright and mighty deeds ;
For thee I prophesy the Future vast,

Whereof the Present sows its giant seeds :
Corruption and decay come thick and fast

O'er poor old England ; yet a few dark years
And we must die as nations died of yore !

But, in the millions of thy teeming shore,

Thy patriots, sages, warriors, saints, and seers,
We live again, Columbia ! yea, once more

Unto a thousand generations live,

The mother in the child ; to all the West
Through thee shall we earth's choicest blessings give,
E'en as our Orient world in us is blessed.

IV.

Thou noble scion of an ancient root,

Born of the forest-king ! spread forth, spread forth, —
High to the stars thy tender leaflets shoot,

Deep dig thy fibres round the ribs of earth !

From sea to sea, from south to icy north,

It must ere long be thine, through good or ill,

To stretch thy sinewy boughs. Go, wondrous child !

The glories of thy destiny fulfil ; —

Remember, then, thy mother in her age,
Shelter her in the tempest, warring wild,

Stand thou with us when all the nations rage
So furiously together ! — we are one :

And, through all time, the calm historic page
Shall tell of Britain blessed in thee her son.

THE THANKS OF PARLIAMENT TO
WELLINGTON AND HIS ARMY.

OUTSPAKE a nation's voice,
Concentred in her king,
While cannons roar, and hearts rejoice,
And all the steeples ring.

Outspake old England then,
By prelates and by peers ;
By all her best and wisest men,
Her sages and her seers —

Old England and her pair
Of sisters, north and west,
The comely graces, fresh and fair,
Who charm the world to rest.

All honor to the brave !
The living and the dead,
Who only fought to bless and save,
And crush the hydra's head.

All honor and all thanks
To every mother's son,
Saxon, or Celt, or Gael, or Manx,
Who fought with Wellington !

For heroes were they all,
To conquer or to die,
By Ahmednuggra's bastioned wall,
Or desperate Assye ; —

And, heroes still, they strive
Against the dangerous Dane,
When France stirred up the northern hive,
To sting us on the main ; —

All heroes, heroes still,
For Lusitania's right ;
By red Roleia's hard-fought hill,
And Vimiera's fight ; —

And stout the heroes stood
On Talavera's day ;
And wrote their conquering names in blood,
At Salamanca's fray ; —

Still heroes, on they went
O'er Cuidad's gory fosse,
And stern Sebastian's battlement,
And thundering Badajoz ; —

And, heroes ever, taught
Old Soult to fly and yield,
Shouting " Victory " as they fought
On red Vittoria's field ; —

And, heroes aye, they flew
To Orthez, conquering yet ;
Until, at whelming Waterloo,
The Frenchman's sun had set !

Then thanks ! thou glorious chief,
And thanks ! ye gallant band,
Who, under God, to man's relief,
Stretched out the saving hand ; —

All Britain thanks you well,
By peasant, peer, and king ;
To all who fought for us, or fell,
Immortal honors bring !

Peal fast the merry chime,
And bid the cannon roar
In praise of heroes, whom all time
Shall cherish evermore !

PAIN.

DELAY not, sinner, till the hour of pain
To seek repentance : pain is absolute,
Exacting all the body and the brain,
Humanity's stern king from head to foot :
How canst thou pray while fevered arrows shoot
Through this torn targe, — while every bone doth ache,
And the scared mind raves up and down her cell
Restless, and begging rest for mercy's sake ?
Add not to death the bitter fears of hell ;
Take pity on thy future self, poor man,
While yet in strength thy timely wisdom can, —
Wrestle to-day with sin ; and spare that strife
Of meeting all its terrors in the van,
Just at the ebbing agony of life.

THREE VERSIONS OF ADRIAN'S
APOSTROPHE.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos ?

I.

Pleasant little fluttering sprite,
Long my bosom's merry guest,
Whither now to wing thy flight ?
Ah ! thou frozen little wight,
Pale, and naked, and unblest,
Nevermore a gibe or jest ?

II.


Soft little butterfly-guest of my heart,
Whither now flittest thou, spirit of mine ?
Woe, — for thy merriment must it depart,
Naked, and frigid, and pallid, to pine ?

III.

Soul, thou tiny truant dear,
Bosom friend for many a year,

Restless little darling, say,
Whither stealest thou away ?

Pallid as a fainting maid,
Naked, icy-cold, afraid,
Is then all thy wit in vain,—
Shalt thou never laugh again ?



NO SURRENDER.

FOR MUSIC.

EVER constant, ever true,
Let the word be, No surrender ;
Boldly dare and greatly do !
This shall bring us bravely through ;
No surrender, No surrender !
And though Fortune's smiles be few,
Hope is always springing new,
Still inspiring me and you
With a magic — No surrender !

Nail the colors to the mast,
Shouting gladly, No surrender !
Troubles near are all but past —
Serve them as you did the last ;
No surrender, No surrender !
Though the skies be overcast,
And upon the sleety blast
Disappointments gather fast,
Beat them off with, No surrender !

Constant and courageous still,
Mind, the word is, No surrender ;

Battle, though it be uphill,
Stagger not at seeming ill ;
 No surrender, No surrender !
Hope, — and thus your hope fulfil, —
There's a way where there's a will,
And the way all cares to kill
 Is to give them — No surrender !

NEVER MIND.

FOR MUSIC.

SOUL, be strong, whate'er betide ;
God himself is Guard and Guide, —
With my Father at my side,
Never mind !

Clouds and darkness hover near,
Men's hearts failing them for fear,
But be thou of right good cheer ;
Never mind !

Come what may, some work is done ;
Praise the Father through the Son ;
Goals are gained and prizes won ;
Never mind !

And if now the skies look black,
All the past behind my back
Is a bright and blessed track ;
Never mind !

Stand in patient courage still,
Working out thy Master's will ;
Compass good, and conquer ill ;
Never mind !

Fight, for all their bullying boast,
Dark temptation's evil host ;
This is thy predestined post ;
Never mind !

Be then tranquil as a dove ;
Through these thunder-clouds above
Shines afar the heaven of love ;
Never mind !

THE CROMLECH DU TUS, GUERNSEY.*

HOARY relic, stern and old, —
 Heaving huge above the mould
 Like some mammoth, lulled to sleep
 By the magic murmuring deep,
 Till those gray gigantic bones
 Gorgon time hath frowned to stones, —
 Who shall tell thine awful tale,
 Massy Cromlech, at “ The Vale ? ”
 Ruthless altar, hungry tomb !
 Superstition’s throne of gloom,
 Where, in black, sepulchral state,
 High the hooded Spectre sate,
 Terrible and thronged by fears,
 Brooding for a thousand years
 As a thundercloud above
 All that wretched men may love, —
 Is there no grim witness near
 That shall whisper words of fear,
 Every brother’s heart to thrill,
 Every brother’s blood to chill,
 While thy records are revealed
 And thy mysteries unsealed ? —

* See an interesting paper by Mr. F. C. Lukis, in the *Archæological Journal* for April, 1845.

Lift with Titan toil and pain,
Lift the lid by might and main, —
Lift the lid and look within
On — this charnel-house of Sin !
O twin brethren, how and when
Dwelt ye in this rocky den ?
Rise, dread martyrs ! for your bones
Chronicle these cromlech-stones ;
Rise, ye grisly, ghastly pair,
— Skeletons ! how came ye there —
Kneeling starkly side by side,
More like life than those who died ?
More like life ? — O, what a spell
Of horror cowers in that cell !
More like life ! — Alive they went
Into that stone tenement,
Bound as in religious ease,
Meekly kneeling on their knees,
And the cruel thongs confined
All but the distracted mind,
That with terror raved to see,
Woe ! how slow such death would be :
Woe ! how slow and full of dread :
Pining, dying, but not dead, —
Pining, dying in the tomb,
Drowned in gulfs of starving gloom,
With corruption, hideous fear,
Creeping noiselessly more near,
While the victims slowly died,
Linked together side by side,

Till, in manacled, mad strife,
Both had struggled out of life !

Yea, some idol claimed the price
Of this living sacrifice ;
Some grim demon's dark high priest
Bound these slaves for Odin's feast,
Offering up, with rites of hell,
Human pangs to Thor or Bel ! —

Christians, ponder on these bones ;
Kneel around the Cromlech-stones ;
Kneel and thank our God above
That His name, His heart, is Love ;
That His thirst is — not for blood,
But — for joy and gratitude ;
That he bids no soul be sad,
But is glad to make *us* glad ;
That he loves not man's despair,
But delights to bless his prayer !

MY CHILDREN.

My little ones, my darling ones, my precious things of
earth,

How gladly do I triumph in the blessing of your birth !
How heartily for praises, and how earnestly for prayers,
I yearn upon your loveliness, my dear, delightful cares !

O children, — happy word of peace, — my jewels and
my gold,

My truest friends till now, and still my truest friends
when old,

I will be every thing to you, your playmate and your
guide,

Both Mentor and Telemachus, forever at your side !

I will be every thing to you, your sympathizing friend,
To teach, and help, and lead, and bless, and comfort,
and defend ;

O, come to me, and tell me all, and ye shall find me true,
A brother in adversity to fight it out for you !

Yea, sins or follies, griefs or cares, or young affection's
thrall,

Fear not, for I am one with you, and I have felt them
all ;

I will be tender, just, and kind, unwilling to reprove ;
I will do all to bless you all by wisdom and by love.

My little ones, delighted I review you as ye stand,
A pretty troop of fairies and young cherubs hand in
hand,
And tell out all your names to be a dear, familiar
sound,
Wherever English hearths and hearts about the world
abound.

My eldest, of the speaking eyes, my Ellin, nine years
old,
Thou thoughtful, good example of the loving little fold,
My Ellin, they shall hear of thee, fair spirit, holy child,
The truthful and the well-resolved, the liberal and the
mild.

And thee, my Mary, what of thee ? — the beauty of thy
face ?
The coyly-pretty whims and ways that ray thee round
with grace ?
— O, more than these ; a dear, warm heart, that still
must thrill and glow
With pure affection's sunshine, and with feelings over-
flow !

Thou too, my gentle five-year-old, fair Margaret the
pearl,
A quiet, sick, and suffering child, sweet, patient little
girl, —

Yet gay withal and frolicsome at times wilt thou appear,
And like a bell thy merry voice rings musical and clear.

And next my Selwyn, precious boy, a glorious young
mind,

The sensitive, the passionate, the noble, and the kind,
Whose light-brown locks bedropped with gold, and large
eyes full of love,

And generous nature, mingle well the lion and the dove.

The last, an infant, toothless one, now prattling on my
knee,

Whose bland, benevolent, soft face is shining upon me ;
Another silver star upon our calm domestic sky,
Another seed of happy hope, dropped kindly from on
high.

A happy man, — be this my praise, — not riches, rank,
or fame, —

A happy man, with means enough, — no other lot or
name ;

A happy man, with you for friends, my children and my
wife, —

Ambition is o'ervaulted here in all that gladdens life !

HENRY DE B. T.

HAIL, then, a sixth ! my doubly triple joy,
Another blessing in a third born boy ;
Another soul by generous Favor sent
To teach and train for heaven through content ;
Another second-self, with hopes like mine
In better worlds beyond the stars to shine ;
Another little hostage from above,
The pledge and promise of our Father's love !
God guard the babe ; and cherish the young child ;
And bless the boy with nurture wise and mild ;
And lead the lad, and yearn upon the youth ;
And make the man a man of trust and truth ;
Through life and death uphold him all his days,
And then translate him to thyself with praise !

ERRATA.

AN AUTHOR'S COMPLAINT.

O FRIENDS and brothers, judge me not unheard ;
Make not a man offender for a word ;
For often have I noted seeming fault,
That harmed my rhymes and made my reasons halt,
Whilst all that error was some printer's sloth,
Who, scorning rhyme and reason, slew them both.
Be ye then liberal to your far-off friend ;
Where garbled, guess him ; and where maimed, amend ;
Trust him for wit, when types have marred the word,
And wisdom too, where only blockheads erred.

IMPROMPTU,

TO ONE WHO SAID THAT SHE DISLIKED POETRY.

LADY, thou lovest high and holy thought,
And noble deeds, and hopes sublime or beauteous ;
Thou lovest charities in secret wrought,
And all things pure, and generous, and duteous :
What then if these be dressed in robes of power,
Triumphant words, that thrill the heart of man,
Conquering for good beyond the flitting hour,
With stately march, and music in the van ?

VENUS.

A REPLY TO LONGFELLOW'S POEM ON MARS, IN
"VOICES OF THE NIGHT."

THOU lover of the blaze of Mars,
Come out with me to-night ;
For I have found, among the stars,
A name of nobler light.

Thy boast of the unconquered Mind,
The strong, the stern, the still ;
Mine of the happier Heart, resigned
To Wisdom's holy will.

They call my star by beauty's name,
The gentle Queen of Love ;
And look ! how fair its tender flame
Is flickering above !

O star of peace, O torch of hope,
I hail thy precious ray —
A diamond on the ebon cope,
To shine the dark away.

Within my heart there is no light
But cometh from above ;
I give the first watch of the night
To the sweet planet Love ; —

The star of Charity and Truth,
Of cheerful thoughts and sage,
The lamp to guide my steps in youth,
And gladden mine old age.

O brother, yield ; thy fiery Mars,
For all his mailéd might,
Is not so strong among the stars
As mine, the Queen of Night ; —

A Queen to shine all nights away,
And make the morn more clear ;
Contentment gilding every day —
There is no twilight here.

Yes ; in a trial world like this,
Where all that comes — is sent,
Learn how divine a thing it is
To smile and be content.

“THE WARM, YOUNG HEART.”

FOR MUSIC.

A BEAUTIFUL face, and a form of grace,
Were a pleasant sight to see ;
And gold, and gems, and diadems,
Right excellent they be ;
But beauty and gold, though both be untold,
Are things of a worldly mart ;
The wealth that I prize above ingots or eyes
Is a heart, — a warm, young heart.

O face most fair, shall thy beauty compare
With affection's glowing light ?
O riches and pride, how pale ye beside
Love's wealth, serene and bright !
I spurn thee away, as a cold thing of clay,
Though gilded and carved thou art ;
For all that I prize, in its smiles and its sighs,
Is a heart, — a warm, young heart.

A CONSECRATION.

October 29, 1847.

LIKE some fair Nun, the pious and the chaste,
Shalford, thy new-born temple stands serene,
Modestly decked in pure old English taste,
The village beauty of thy tranquil scene ;
And we to-day have made religious haste
To see thee wedded to thy heavenly Spouse,
Kneeling in unison of praise and prayer,
To help the offering of thy maiden vows.
Hark ! what a thrilling utterance is there ! —
“ Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,” —
As God’s high priest, with apostolic care,
To HIM this tent of glory consecrates :
Good work, to be remembered for all time !
The seed of mercies endless and sublime !

“ Come in, thou King of Glory,” yea, come in ;
Rest here awhile, great Conqueror for good ;
Bless thou this font to cleanse from Adam’s sin ;
Spread thou this table with celestial food ;
And, kindled by thy grace to gratitude,
May thousands here eternal treasures win,
As, hither led, from time to time, with joy
They seek their Father. Lo ! before mine eyes
Visions and promises of good arise ; —

The tender babe baptized ; the stripling boy
Confirmed for godliness ; the maid and youth
Wedded in love ; the man mature made wise ;
The elder taught in righteousness and truth ;
And each an heir of life before he dies.

THE THANKSGIVING HYMN AND CHANT

FOR THE HARVEST HOME OF 1847.

O NATION, Christian nation,
Lift high the hymn of praise ;
The God of our Salvation
Is love in all his ways ;
He blesseth us, and feedeth
Every creature of his hand,
To succor him that needeth
And to gladden all the land !

Rejoice, ye happy people,
And peal the changing chime
From every belfried steeple
In symphony sublime :
Let cottage and let palace
Be thankful and rejoice,
And woods, and hills, and valleys,
Reëcho the glad voice !

From glen, and plain, and city,
Let gracious incense rise ;
The Lord of life in pity
Hath heard His creatures' cries ;

And where in fierce oppressing
 Stalked fever, fear, and dearth,
He pours a triple blessing
 To fill and fatten earth !

Gaze round in deep emotion :
 The rich and ripened grain
Is like a golden ocean
 Becalmed upon the plain ;
And we, who late were weepers
 Lest judgment should destroy,
Now sing, because the reapers
 Are come again with joy !

O, praise the hand that giveth —
 And giveth evermore —
To every soul that liveth
 Abundance flowing o'er !
For every soul He filleth
 With manna from above,
And over all distilleth
 The unction of His love.

Then gather, Christians, gather
 To praise with heart and voice
The good Almighty Father,
 Who biddeth you rejoice ;
For he hath turned the sadness
 Of his children into mirth,
And we will sing with gladness
 The harvest-home of earth !

O, BLESS the God of harvest, praise him through the land,
Thank him for his precious gifts, his help, and liberal
 love ;
Praise him for the fields that have rendered up their
 riches,
And, dressed in sunny stubbles, take their sabbath after
 toil ;
Praise him for the close-shorn plains, and uplands lying
 bare,
And meadows, where the sweet-breathed hay was
 stacked in early summer ;
Praise him for the wheat-sheaves, gathered safely into
 barn,
And scattering now their golden drops beneath the
 sounding flail ;
Praise him for the barley-mow, a little hill of sweetness ;
Praise him for the clustering hop, to add its fragrant
 bitter ;
Praise him for the wholesome root, that fattened in the
 furrow ;
Praise him for the mellow fruits that bend the groaning
 bough ;
For blessings on thy basket, and for blessings on thy
 store,
For skill and labor prospered well, by gracious suns and
 showers,
For mercies on the home, and for comforts on the
 hearth,
O happy heart of this broad land, praise the God of
 harvest.

All ye that have no tongue to praise, we will praise
Him for you,

And offer on our kindling souls the tribute of your
thanks :

Trees, and shrubs, and the multitude of herbs, glad-
dening the eyes with verdure,

For all your leaves, and flowers, and fruits, we praise
the God of harvest !

Birds, and beetles in the dust, and insects flitting on
the air,

And ye that swim the waters in your scaly coats of
mail,

And steers, resting after labor, and timorous flocks afold,
And generous horses, yoked in teams to draw the
creaking wains,

For all your lives, and every pleasure solacing that lot,
Your sleep, and food, and animal peace, we praise the
God of harvest !

And ye, O some who never prayed, and therefore can-
not praise, —

Poor darkling sons of care, and toil, and unillumined
night,

Who rose betimes, but did not ask a blessing on your
work,

Who lay down late, but rendered no thank-offering for
that blessing

Which all unsought He sent, and all unknown ye
gathered, —

Alas ! for you, and in your stead, we praise the God of
harvest !

O ye famine-stricken glens, whose children shrieked for
bread,

And noisome alleys of the town where fever fed on
hunger, —

O ye children of despair, bitterly bewailing Erin,
Come and join my cheerful praise, for God hath answered
prayer :

Praise Him for the better hopes, and signs of better
times,

Unity, gratitude, contentment ; industry, peace, and
plenty ;

Bless Him that his chastening rod is now the sceptre
of forgiveness,

And in your joy remember well to praise the God of
harvest !

Come, come along with me, and swell this grateful
song,

Ye nobler hearts, old England's own, her children of
the soil :

All ye that sowed the seed in faith, with those who
reaped in joy,

And he that drove the plough afield, with all the scattered
gleaners,

And maids who milk the lowing kine, and boys that tend
the sheep,

And men that load the sluggish wain, or neatly thatch
the rick, —

Shout and sing for happiness of heart, nor stint your
thrilling cheers,

But make the merry farmer's hall resound with glad
 rejoicings,
And let him spread the hearty feast for joy at harvest
 home,
And join this cheerful song of praise, — to bless the
 God of harvest !

M. T.

FORGOTTEN ? — not forgotten, kind, good man,
Though seldom fully prized at thy great worth : —
I will embalm thy memory as I can,
And send this blessing to the ends of earth !
For thou wert all things kindly unto all,
Benevolent and liberal from birth,
Ever responsive to affection's call,
And full of care for others, — full of care —
Weary with others' burdens, generous heart,
And yet thine own too little strong to bear :
Father ! I owe thee all, and cannot pay
The happy debt, until I too depart ;
Then will I bless and love it all away
In that bright world, my Father, where thou art !

TWO PSALMS.

I. THE NINETEENTH.

HEAVEN declares its Maker's glory,
And the firmament His might ;
Day to day the wondrous story
Echoes on, and night to night :
All is silence, yet Creation
Knows and hears that voiceless speech
Which to every tribe and nation
Doth their Maker's glory teach.

From his chamber bright in heaven,
Lo, the bridegroom of the earth
Gladness by his smile hath given,
And awakes the morn to mirth :
Not less full of life and pleasure
Is God's truth, nor less complete ;
'Tis more precious than all treasure,
Than the honeycomb more sweet.

It rejoices, heals, and teaches,
Ever holy, just, and good ;
To the inmost feeling reaches,
And leads up the heart to God :

Warned by that, thy servant turneth
To the path that tends to bliss ;
Yet, who all his faults discerneth ?
Cleanse me, if I err in this.

Let not pride be ruler in me,
But deliver, guide, forgive ;
Thus, corruption quenched within me,
I shall be upright and live.
Let my words and meditation,
Ever pleasing in thy sight,
Meet with gracious acceptation,
My Redeemer and my Might !

II. THE TWENTIETH.

GOD in time of trouble hear thee,
And the name of Jacob's Lord,
From his sanctuary near thee,
Out of Zion help afford ;
Crown thy sacrifice with fire ;
All thy gifts remember still ;
Grant thee all thy heart's desire,
And thy choicest wish fulfil.

We will joy in thy salvation,
And will set our banners high,
In our God — thy supplication
Be accomplished at thy cry :
Now I know the Lord from heaven
Saveth still his Christ from harm ;
Now to Him will strength be given
By the might of his right arm.

Some in chariots, some in horses,
We in God Jehovah, trust ;
And, while He our sure Resource is,
They are fallen in the dust :
Save, Jehovah, save and hear us,
King of glory, King of might ;
When we call, be ever near us, —
Ever for thy servants fight.

CONFESSION.

ALAS ! how many vain and bitter things
My zeal, and pride, and natural haste, have wrought !
Yea, thou my soul, by word, and deed, and thought,
The curse of selfishness hath scorched thy wings ;
There is a fire within, — I feel it now, —
A smouldering mass of strong imaginings,
That heat my heart, and burn upon my brow,
And vent their hissing lava on my tongue,
Scathing, unsparing ; yet my will is just ;
My wrath is ever quickened by a wrong ;
I flame to strike oppressors to the dust,
To crush the cruel, and confound the base, —
To welcome insolence with calm disgust,
And brand the scoffer's forehead with disgrace.

A SONG.

AH, Memory ! why reproach me so
With shadows of the past ?
The thrilling hopes of long ago,
That came and went so fast ?
Ye tender tones of that dear voice,
Ye looks of those loved eyes,
Return, and bid my heart rejoice,
For true love never dies.

Rejoice ? O word of hope ! I may
When those indeed return ;
For looks and tones so passed away
In solitude I yearn ;
Let others fancy I forget
The light of those dear eyes, —
I love, O, how I love thee yet !
For true love never dies.

CHEER UP !

FOR MUSIC.

NEVER go gloomily, man with a mind ;
 Hope is a better companion than fear ;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
 Gives with a smile what you take with a tear ;
 All will be right ;
 Look to the light ;
Morning is ever the daughter of night ;
All that was black will be all that is bright ;
 Cheerily, cheerily, then ! cheer up !

Many a foe is a friend in disguise ;
 Many a sorrow a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise
 With lore ever precious and joys ever new ;
 Stand in the van ;
 Strive like a man ;
This is the bravest and cleverest plan ;
Trusting in God, while you do what you can,
 Cheerily, cheerily, then ! cheer up !

“ TOGETHER.”

FOR MUSIC.

THE elm-tree of old felt lonely and cold
When wintry winds blew high ;
And, looking below, he saw, in the snow,
The ivy wandering nigh ;
And he said, “ Come, twine with those tendrils of
thine
My scathed and frozen form ;
For, heart and hand, together we'll stand,
And mock at the baffled storm,
Ha, ha ! together.”

And so, when grief is withering the leaf,
And checking hope's young flower, —
And frosts do bite with their teeth so white,
In disappointment's hour, —
Though it might overwhelm either ivy or elm,
If alone each stood the strife, —
If heart and hand together they stand,
They may laugh at the troubles of life,
Ha, ha ! together.

FRIENDS.

I CANNOT move a mile upon this earth,
I could not, did I walk from end to end,
But there I find a heart of wit and worth,
Some gracious spirit to be hailed a friend.
O, there are frequent angels unawares,
And many have I met upon my way,
Kind Christian souls, to make me rich with prayers,
Whilst in like coin their mercies I repay ;
And oft the sun of praise hath lit mine eyes,
Generous praise and just encouragement,
From some who say I help them to be wise,
And teach them to be happy in content :
Ah, soul, rejoice ! for thou hast thickly sown
The living world with friendships all thine own.

A GREETING.

It were not well to vex thee with my praises,
Yet am I quick to read thy gifts aright ;
Loving, sincere, and wise, — in three best phases
Young heart, I note thy characters of light :
Spirits are keen to make such instant guesses,
For time is nothing to the Soul that lives ;
Therefore my spirit thy good spirit blesses,
Therefore my Mind its cordial greeting gives, —
Its greeting ? — of a moment, sad to tell,
For all my greeting is a true Farewell !



HORACE'S PHILOSOPHY. III. 29.

WISELY for us within night's sable veil
 God hides the future ; and, if men turn pale,
 For dread distrusting, laughs their fear to scorn.
 For thee, the present calmly order well :
 All else as on a river's tide is borne,
 Now flowing peaceful to the Tuscan Sea
 Down the mid-channel on a gentle swell,
 Now, as the hoarse, fierce mandate of the flood
 Stirs up the quiet stream, time-eaten rocks
 Go hurrying down, with houses, herds and flocks,
 And echoes from the mountain and the wood.
 He stands alone glad, self-possessed, and free,
 Who, grateful for to-day, can say, I live ;
 To-morrow let my Father take or give, —

II.

As He may will, not I — with dark or light
 Let God ordain the morrow, noon or night.
 He, even He, can never render vain
 The past behind me ; nor bring back again
 What any transient hour has once made fact.
 Fortune, rejoicing in each cruel act,
 And playing frowardly a saucy game,
 Dispenses changeful and uncertain fame,

Now kind to me, and now to some beside.
I praise her here ; but if it should betide
She spreads her wings for flight, I hold no more
 The good she gave, but in mine honest worth,
 Clad like a man, go honorably forth
To seek th' undowried portion of the poor.

“THE LAST TIME.”

ANOTHER year ? another year !
Who dare depend on other years ?
The judgment of this world is near,
And all its children faint for fears :
Famine, pestilence, and war,
Mixed with praises, prayers, and tears,
Civil strife and social jar,
Spurred by pen, and stirred by sword,
Herald Him who comes from far
In Elijah's fiery car,
Our own returning Lord !

Look around, — the nations quail !
All the elements of ill
Crowd like locusts on the gale,
And the dark horizon fill :
Woe to earth, and all her seed !
Woe, they run to ruin still : —
He that runneth well may read
Texts of truth the times afford,
How, in earth's extremest need,
Cometh, cometh soon indeed
Our own redeeming Lord !

Lo, the marvels passing strange
 Every teeming hour brings,
 Daily turns, with sudden change,
 The kaleidoscope of things ;
 But the Ruler, just and wise,
 Orders all, as King of kings, —
 Hark ! His thunders shake the skies !
 Lo ! His vials are outpoured !
 Earth in bitter travail lies,
 And creation groans and cries
 For our expected Lord !

Stand in courage, stand in faith !
 Tremble not as others may ;
 He that conquers hell and death
 Is the friend of those who pray :
 And in this world's destined woe,
 He will save his own away
 From the trial's furnace glow, —
 Till the harvest all is stored,
 Rescued from each earthly foe
 And the terrible ones below
 By our avenging Lord !

Yea, come quickly ! Savior, come !
 Take us to thy glorious rest ;
 All thy children yearn for home,
 Home, the heaven of thy breast !
 Help, with instant, gracious aid !
 That, in just assurance blest,
 We may watch — nor feel afraid,

Every warning in thy word,
Signs and tokens, all arrayed
In proof of that for which we prayed,
The coming of the Lord !

THE POET'S WEALTH.

I NUMBER you by thousands, unseen friends,
 And dearly precious is your love to me ;
 Yea, what a goodly company ye be !
 Far as the noble brotherhood extends
 Of Saxon hearts and tongues o'er land and sea :
 How rich am I in love ! — the sweet amends
 For all whatever little else of pain

Some few unkindly cause ; — most rich in love,
 From mine own home to earth's remotest ends :
 Let me, then, count my store, my glorious gain, —
 This wealth, that my poor merit far transcends ;

Your loving kindness, echoing from above
 The Highest Blessing on my works and ways,
Εὖ δοῦλός ἀγαθὲ, my Father's praise.

Yea, let me thank you ; let my heart outpour
 Unbidden notes of honest gratitude
 To all whose yearnings follow me with good, —
 Loving my mind and all its humble store ;
 O generous friends ! a cordial multitude
 Hiyed in the West, upon that busy shore
 Where fair Columbia, Britain's child, is throned
 Imperial, yet with empire all unowned, —
 O, generous friends ! Another cordial band
 From far Australia to the Arctic Seas,

And crowds around me in mine own dear land —
How, how to thank for mercies rich as these ?
Lo, let me stand and bless from East to West,
From North to South, — because I thus am blest !

Ay, blest, indeed, above the lot of men,
And rich in joys that reach the true sublime :
For that the magic music of my pen
Hath won such wealth of love in every clime,
And still shall win such treasure for all time,
Therefore my soul is glad. Judge me, my friends,
Is not the poet wealthier in his joys
Than Attalus with all his golden toys ?
And, as his growing dynasty extends
To children's children, reigning in the mind,
Is he not great — a monarch of his kind ?
Ah me ! not so ; this thought of pride destroys ;
Give God the praise ; His blessing sends this store
Of unseen friends by thousands evermore.

BOOKS

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY CHARLES H. PEIRCE.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

By MARTIN FARQUAR TUPPER. Fine edition, in various styles of binding. 1 vol. 16mo., with a portrait.

Few English republications have enjoyed the popularity of this interesting volume ; chaste and vigorous in style, original and vivid in thought, full of the soul of poetry, it commends itself to every reader fond of stirring good sense, in connection with regular measures.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

By WILLIAM B. TAPPAN. With a fine steel engraving of the Author, by Andrews. Published in various and elegant styles of binding—one of the most beautiful gift-books of the season. Mr. Tappan's poetical talents are well known and highly appreciated, especially by the religious public.

THE SNOW STORM.

A Christmas Story. By MRS. GORE. Illustrated by George Cruikshank.

DON QUIXOTE.

This most entertaining and ever instructive burlesque, can never lose its charm upon all lovers of sprightly literature. The present edition is elegantly printed, and illustrated with splendid copperplates.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2009

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 549 958 6

